

JUNE.

THE  
MANIFESTO.

PUBLISHED BY THE UNITED SOCIETIES.

VOL. XIX.

"For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and  
lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for  
his soul?"—Matt. XVI., 26.

CANTERBURY, N. H.

1889.

CONTENTS.

	Page.
Letter—Wm. Leonard,	121
Reflections,	122
How much will Remain,	125
Vies,	"
While we may,	127
God's Goodness	"
Pulling up Stakes,	128
Love,	"
Have Charity,	129
Prayer for the Youth,	"
Letter—L. A. Kidd,	"
" Eld. D. Boler	130
" Tara. Benga,	131
True Riches,	132
Theosophy,	133
In-as-much,	135
Preaching,	"
Editorial,	136
Water,	137
Cost of Saloons,	138
Religion,	"
Mechanical Singing,	140
A Merchant's Story,	"
The Tongue,	141
Oil Yourself,	"
In Remembrance,	142
Mother Margaret,	"
Music,—Sowing,	143
Books and Papers,	144
Deaths,	"

—“The Bank Tragedy” is the title of a serial story of great power, written by Mrs. Hatch, author of “The Upland Mystery,” which was published in the Transcript two years ago, which has since then had a sale of about 100,000 copies in book form. The new serial is a detective story, the plot of which is constructed with remarkable skill. It will exercise the ingenuity of those who are experts in guessing the plots of half-read novels. The scene is laid in northern New Hampshire, but some of the tragic and romantic incidents of a recent famous bank case in Maine are worked into it. The story is being published in the *Portland Transcript*, beginning Jan. 24. The publishers offer several premiums for the best guesses at the plot sent in by subscribers before Feb. 20th. Subscriptions, \$2.00 a yr. 6 months, \$1.

# TA-KA-KAKE



TAKE-A-CAKE?

MRS. HENRY WARD BEECHER

Says, “It is exceedingly.”

TA-KA-KAKE is a New Cereal, Sugar Corn Flour, which cooks in 15 minutes, and makes Griddle Cakes, Grains and Muffins that are far more delicious than any made from Wheat Flour or Corn Meal. Ask your grocer for a package.

POTTER & WRIGHTINGTON, Boston.

## Boar's Head Hotel,

Hampton Beach, N. H.

The most delightful seaside resort on the Atlantic coast. Opens June 16, 1899. Every facility for bathing, fishing, sailing, riding, etc. Telegraph and telephone in house. Six trains daily each way.

R. E. MUNAS, Prop'r.

## HISTORY OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

1823-1898. Price, \$3.50.

8vo, 764 pages, illustrated with 76 wood-cuts and 39 steel engravings. Issued January, 1899. Apply to the author.

J. W. McCLINTOCK,  
Editor and Publisher Granite Monthly,  
Concord, N. H.

## IF you WOULD know all about BEES and HONEY

PRODUCTION, by the most economical and practical methods, send for FREE sample of

THE AMERICAN BEE JOURNAL,

A large quarto, 32 pages, published WEEKLY at ONE DOLLAR a Year. Address plainly.

THOMAS G. NEWMAN & SON,

523 & 525 West Madison St.,—CHICAGO, ILL.



VOL.

[ W  
from  
Mass.  
valua

So  
BE  
quite  
terest  
messa  
near,  
with t  
borne.  
can lo  
lation  
the sa  
the w  
You sp  
We ce  
courag  
cluded  
letters,  
tedious  
elit we

You  
flowing  
write."  
wait to  
conditio  
wait qu  
your las  
have alv  
age am  
too high

# The Manifesto.

VOL. XIX.

JUNE, 1889.

No. 6.

[We take pleasure in publishing this letter from Elder Wm. Leonard of Harvard, Mass. as it contains much interesting and valuable information.—Ed.]

SOUTH GROTON, MASS. JULY, 1865.

BELOVED ELDER HENRY;—We were quite pleased on the receipt of your interesting letter. If kind friends impart messages of joy, it brings them very near, to allow us to share the blessing with them. If at times we feel overborne, we know by experience that we can look to no better source for consolation than to those who are traveling the same course, and bearing up under the weary toils of the same journey. You speak kindly of our former letters. We certainly thank you for your encouraging words, for we had almost concluded that we had written so many long letters, that perhaps they had become tedious. If they have been of any benefit we are pleased to have it so.

You say that when "I am full to overflowing you would be pleased to have me write." We think we had better not wait to be transported into that happy condition. We fear you would have to wait quite too long for an answer to your last, although in such cases we have always noticed, during our pilgrimage among Believers, that if any soar too high toward heaven, they soon light

upon the earth again when they feel their own state roll back upon them. All who set out on the Believer's journey, may as well prepare their hearts for sorrow as for joy and their souls for temptation as well as victory, if our experience teaches right. But it is all right. Deep, painful, heartfelt experience, is an unerring, truthful teacher.

We are a heavy debtor to our true friends, who have kindly endorsed for us when our funds of strength were low, and our social poverty notorious. When we have been burdened with many cares and tried with failures at home and afar off, with few strong hearts to tender support, and vexation and perplexity was our portion, we have suddenly received a line from some old and tried friend and have had our soul moved within us while perusing it. We have then sat down and read it, and re-read it, and then read it again, feeling cheered by the inspiration it imparted.

Dr. Johnson entered London, young, friendless and penniless, with his pack on his back, intending to gain distinction by his pen. It was a bold undertaking to seek notoriety among many thousands of scribes. A great political question soon agitated the metropolis and Johnson wrote on the popular side, which attracted the attention of an in-

fluent Lord, who spoke in flattering terms of the unknown author, which brought him to light and favor. Through life he used to say, "I have undying love for that great man, because he praised me when I needed to be praised." In this we are all much alike. A little friendship, praise or good-will, is to us the most precious when we really need it; and in these days of upheaving, that time comes quite often. While passing through the trial, give us a few friends, the more, the better, who stand firm with faith unshaken, stand in the light and bow to government, and I prize them higher than ministering angels.

Of the indifference of the world to the gospel call, we are too well posted. All old stereotyped religious teaching presents to men a tyrannical angry God and no probation beyond time. The fears and terrors aroused by holding up these theories produces an agitation called conviction. When many honest souls enter the gospel, it is more labor to get them out of their false zeal and creeds, than it is their sins. Then if they stand in the way of the next gospel increase, should not such errors and all the convictions which grow out of them be swept away?

TO BE CONTINUED.

### CONSIDERATE REFLECTIONS.

GEORGE M. WICKERSHAM.

CAN it be true that our young people, those upon whom we have set our hearts, to save them from the sins and follies of the world, those for whom we have spent weary hours of toil to serve, and to make life enjoyable, and to educate them for virtue and usefulness, we ask, can it be possible that they leave us because

they are driven away from us? If so, who, or what is it that drives them? If we drive them away, why does the memory of their experience here haunt them like a dream of Paradise towards which they frequently turn, hoping, sometime when the fetters of their exile are broken, to be allowed to return even to a lower station than the one from which they went. If they are driven out by unreasonable treatment, we say, why do the brightest and best behaved delight to come back and call up old memories, associations which must bring back the recollections of ill-treatment, so much greater than the benefits, as to have forced them to depart; if that was the case. Or, why do others under the same treatment, abide with us? It appears to us, that the cause of leaving is not so much in being driven away by others, as it is by being enticed away by natural and ungoverned propensities. The same as the first pair were driven or more properly enticed from a state of purity in Eden. It has been the policy and practice of our leaders to concede many things to young people, and overlook many indiscretions in order to hold them, hoping that as they grew in knowledge, and understanding themselves, they would see the propriety of the greater restriction, and come to it voluntarily. It will not do to yield to all the wants of young people; for that would be to surrender all government and all regulation to the unskillful notions of inexperience. The ungoverned child is ungrateful and unhappy; even though it is sheer affection that indulges it. It is a slave to its own passionate impulses, and is tormented with their restless and ceaseless demands. Only the governed child knows how to appre-

ciate kindness; only those who are disciplined by love have much to be thankful for. Only such can be held by obligation, or heed the call of duty.

The ungoverned child on arriving at the youthful period, is impatient of all restraint but that of caution and secretiveness, and is driven by his master-passions and impulses to all sorts of expedients, tricks, and rogueries to accomplish their desires, till finally they drive him from order-loving society to repeat his exploits elsewhere. This is an extreme character, but there is a mixture of every grade from the governed to the not governed. And it is the mixture of ungoverned and un-disciplined elements of character which causes all the trouble disaster and ruin. Many seeds of the world have germinated in the heart of the child before it is given into our charge. These are nourished and others spring up as the opportunities of the child enlarge by continual communication and contact with worldly elements and conditions, kept up by frequent communication with outside friends or relations, and their exchanges by letters, presents, and social visits, both ways.

Most young people in these days are readers of books and story-papers, newspapers and magazines, which are charged with influences foul or fair. Those coming from the world convey knowledge of the world, both its truth, and falsehood, good and evil, selfish and unselfish, clean and filthy, wise and foolish from which the reader's mind attracts and assimilates as food, consciously and unconsciously, whatever agrees most with its leading impulses and desires. For the heart is a magnet, and as sure as magnet draws steel, it attracts to itself whatever it most desires, or

else it finally draws to it; if the desire be not given up or exchanged for another. This is the law of all growth in life.

The unavoidable frequent contact with hirelings and strangers, increases the number of avenues by which the great outside world flows into the youthful mind to nourish and claim its own, planted there in its beginning. The mind of a child having such a start, all these feeders grow into a compound that thinks happiness consists in the attraction of pictures that are excitable, useless games that if indulged in lead to gambling, and trying to bring in many things contrary to the feelings and judgment of the officers of Society. Loving to think only on the agreeable part of the pictures photographed on his mental atmosphere; he is dazzled by surface glitter and display, and lives in an unreal world created by the imaginations of his own heart. To some the world appears as a vast play-house, and it seems to be enjoying a holiday. Others look upon it as an open market where most things sought by young people are supposed purchasable with brains, muscles, or money.

All these things operate like magnets upon the youthful mind to weaken the sense of obligation and of duty in serving; and to lessen in its esteem the value of moral law, and the necessity of daily faithful service to Society as an essential ingredient of happiness, because these interrupt its dreams of pleasure and bring it face to face with sober realities. Outside, idle ease and fancied freedom, or pleasure and selfish gain invite; inside, is toil, crucifixion, and restraint. The former attracts, the latter repels. The former appeals whol-



ly to what is external and transitory, the latter builds up the internal, and enduring, and aids growth by exercise of faculty. To counteract these is needed, First, a sense of duty arising from a proper cultivation of conscience, a principle to do right because it is right. Any one who has not this principle enthroned within, is not prepared for happiness in this world or any other.

If we cannot succeed in planting or unfolding it in those who regard it not, they will be like thorns in the side of their friends and neighbors, and very unsuitable material for our Society. Second, youthful minds should be allowed such innocent pleasures as do not interfere with proper discipline and the performance of necessary duties. We think, good judges will agree that children and young people should never be spoken to in anger, or crossed unnecessarily. For certainly the faithful performance of all life's duties brings crosses and burdens enough to perfect discipline without inventing any extra ones. Third, it is necessary to cultivate Spirituality in the young mind, to teach it the value and importance of the life after this, and how our conduct here will determine our conditions there. If we obey our best light and understanding, and heed the monitions of conscience, and the teachings of our superiors who have had experience, renouncing present pleasure for future good, our condition hereafter will be happyfying and all that we can desire, far beyond anything we can conceive while here. Such as neglect duty—disregard conscience, disobey teachers and guardians in a careless, self-willed, headstrong way, unless they repent of such ways and change their course they are hedging up their own

way, and are gathering fuel for their own destruction; are making work for future repentance before they can gain that degree of happiness which gives peace and comfort to the soul.

Our bodies contain appetites and passions which are self-impelling forces, and if we do not acquire complete dominion and perfect control over them, by obedience to the highest light given us through understanding, and the moral and reasoning faculties, and thus obtain our relation and union with the order of rational, spiritual beings above us, they will acquire dominion over us, and cut us off from associating with higher intelligences, and degrade us to the level of the animal creation, holding such relation to the universe as animals hold, without their peaceful, restful state, because out of our true order and relationship to the superior Intelligences. Spirituality gives faith in the unseen, which is the key that unlocks the kingdom of heaven within. It lifts all the sublunary functions of the mental faculties, and bears them on its own heaven-tending pinions in a more refined and clearer atmosphere. It is the organ of enthusiasm, and of higher aims than those which relate solely to man's material welfare, and discloses within an immovable center of attraction, opposed to the attractions of the worldly elements. If the young be not taught how present conduct will effect their future condition, and to employ a reflection and forethought which looks beyond the present moment, to a retributive harvest by which to regulate their actions, and test their aims; they will be most sure to leave us, drawn by attraction to that which is most agreeable to the general make-up of their minds. For it is on-



ly by forethought, by keeping in view a distant and specific object to which lesser aims are deemed at least as subservient, that the mind endures with undiverted purpose.

*Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.*

---

#### HOW MUCH WILL REMAIN!

AGNES E. NEWTON.

How much will be left when all of self  
Shall be washed from the soul away?  
How much will remain when nature's dross  
With the gold may no longer stay?

How much will be left of ripened grain  
When the tares no longer have place?  
Shall we gather sheaves of golden wheat  
Or life's field be a barren waste?

When the master comes expecting fruit  
From the vine he has pruned with care  
Shall we be able of perfect growth  
To present an offering fair?

How much will remain and stand the test  
When the true from the false shall part?  
When the light of God shall clearly shine  
And illumine with its rays each heart?

What we have valued as priceless gems  
And have classed with our jewels rare;  
When the Lord shall come to claim his own  
Will they count with the treasures there?

Ah! well may we ask in earnest prayer  
That enough pure gold may remain;  
When the furnace tries and melts the dross  
To inscribe with the Father's name.

*Canterbury, N. H.*

---

#### VICE.

MARTHA J. ANDERSON.

RUM, tobacco and social impurity are among the many curses that demoralize and blight modern society. Despite all our boasted progress in art, science, literature and refinement, these vices are attaining hideous proportions, destroying the fair image of God that should

be enstamped on the form and visage of all his creatures.

These great evils differently affect several classes of people; namely, the pleasure-seeker, the remunerated, the victimized and the humanitarian. Those who love their alcohol, their nicotine and carnal indulgence, and those who buy the bodies and souls of men and women through immoral traffic, would hush the voice, and quell the agitation, that arouse the community to a sense of duty in regard to their suppression; because self-interest is at stake, and conscience is lulled to sleep.

Thousands of suffering spirits could tell a tale of agony and woe, for there are few households that have not one or all of these cancerous spots, eating out its very heart of joy; making sorrowful and desolate what might have been a happy circle.

From many who realize the situation, a war cry has gone forth against destructive beverages and narcotic poisons; but when shall a prophet arise to confront Agag—the king of evil—the lust of the flesh, which must be utterly destroyed before peace and happiness shall reign among men?

Drinking saloons are but the glittering entrances to dens of infamy and hell, where souls barter their virtue for gold, and ruin stamps its victims of both sexes by the thousands annually.

“DEW-DROP INN”—literally meaning DO DROP IN—was the attractive sign hung out by one of the gilded and illumined halls, where the young, the gay and thoughtless flocked to quaff from the sparkling goblet, what they deemed a little harmless beverage; but the door was opened to the spider's parlor, and many a silly fly through vain

flattery was trapped in the intricate meshes of sin.

There are individuals who know somewhat of the ravages of that most seductive and destructive vice, the Social Evil; and their very souls are filled with horror and indignation; but few dare speak the truth, lest they be silenced or persecuted by the bold champions of lust, whose infamous debauchery knows no bounds, and whose ill-gotten gains can license or bribe any form of evil they cherish.

Every civilized community was shocked by the startling news of London's venal sin; but what of our own great cities, towns, villages, schools and homes? We need but lift the thin veil of secrecy to behold the social Molech in all its revolting hideousness.

The sacred laws of God in nature wantonly disregarded in the relations of life, result in dwarfed and undeveloped specimens of humarity, whose distorted forms and facial expression, bears the stamp of demoralization and degradation, and whose innate inclinations lead the downward course.

Our reformatories, hospitals and asylums,—vastly on the increase—are filled with mental, physical and moral wrecks, fruits of our hot-bed civilization, the very sight of which would make the simple children of nature, untutored and unspoiled, blush for shame.

Our charities are boundless, and we may provide ad infinitum, but if we do not strike at the root of the evil tree, there will be no end to its productions.

One of our modern philosophers truly says, "In all past time there has been no ethical system potent to establish a perfectly harmonious social state, and no system of education competent to

lift society to a higher life. Education as it has been, brightens life with literature and art but does not elevate it. The same old element of poverty, misery, disease, crime and insanity, march on hand in hand with the hunting and warring barbarians of the past; and the dull blunted conscience of our time, lulled by the softly solemn platitudes of the pulpit, and the soulless system of education, rebels not against the old social order."

Rebellion and insubordination in children, so marked in the present age, are but the result of passional indulgence; and when parents lose all control over them—without tracing the consequences to the cause—they are ready to devise means of ridding themselves of the burden; and seek to place them in some charitable institution or spiritual community, where they soon prove past reclaiming by any reasonable or moral means, and must be cast forth upon society, to become its vagrants, criminals and anarchists, often ending their days in prison or on the gallows.

The most facile pen could draw but a faint delineation of the evils resulting from the practice of a vice, which proves a thousand times more destructive to human beings than liquor, or the many narcotics that craze and stupefy the brain, or wreck the nervous system; because, it pollutes the very fountains of life, and entails untold miseries upon future generations.

God speed the good work that some noble individuals have commenced in the field of moral reform, this is the stepping stone to all true progress.

Not until humanity rise in the scale of morality, can Christian communism hope for an increase of souls; for the

pleasure-loving world cling to their cherished idols, and waive all thought of future good, in the vain hope of attaining happiness that is only the result of virtue, self-denial and a life consecrated to the service of God and the good of humanity.

*Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.*

---

#### WHILE WE MAY.

ADA CUMMINGS.

Now while we are on life's journey,  
And can see our friends each day,  
Let us learn to love and cherish  
Their true friendship "while we may."  
For too soon we'll see them lying  
'Neath the turf all white with snow,  
Which will cause the deepest anguish  
That our loving hearts can know.  
For there's not a household circle  
That has not one empty chair;  
There is not one earthly tenant  
That of grief has not a share.  
And we know the All Wise Father  
Gathers home our dearest friends;  
Those to whom our souls cling closest,  
Those on whom our hope depends.  
Tender are the sacred voices,  
Those we know, whose love is true;  
Lightly tread the willing footsteps  
That bring joy and pleasure too.  
Gentle are the hands that hasten  
Love's own mission to complete,  
Closely binding all together,  
By the cords of friendship sweet.  
All too soon these pass before us,  
One by one they fade from sight;  
All too soon they join the chorus  
In the happy land of Light.  
Leaving us, they'll find their mansion  
Where the flowers bloom alway,  
Then let us, O dearest kindred,  
Cherish loved ones, "while we may!"  
"While we may," the heart is throbbing  
Like the heaving ocean's song;  
"While we may," the veil is lifting,  
And the time will not be long.

"Not be long," we often murmur,  
E'er they all will pass from sight;  
But at last we too may anchor  
Safely in the port of light  
*West Gloucester, Me.*

---

#### GOD'S GOODNESS.

LUCY S. BOWERS.

"Sing unto the Lord; for He hath done excellent things; this is known in all the earth." *Isaiah, xii., 5.*

YEA indeed, and unthankful and unholy are they who know it not. God has been good to all the generations of the earth through all ages. His loving-kindness and unceasing abundance of good things have filled the earth to its uttermost parts; never has the sun ceased to shine for a day, nor the stars to light the ebon shades of night; nor vegetation to bloom and bear fruit; nor the waters to rise and fall in due time and appropriate season.

Never has God forsaken the hearts of mankind, nor has his providence ceased to control their destinies. Deeply has truth in the soul been hidden beneath sin's heavy cloud, and man-made creeds and conceptions fashioned into hideous forms his holy and divine image, but still He is good, lovingly and in mercy pardoning, drawing and accepting the penitent heart, and even the persistent evil-doer He will not cast aside but with forbearance seeks to lead and help.

Glory to God in the highest, let us worship and bow down. Let us kneel before the Lord our Maker, for He hath done excellent things, this is known in all the earth.

*Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.*

---

Do your utmost and say little of yourself.  
Tacitus.

## PULLING UP STAKES.

ALEXANDER Y. COCHRAN.

I HAVE been interested, very much of late, in the published accounts of the thousands and thousands of people who are moving into the new territory of Oklahoma. Five hundred covered wagons on one line, and each wagon contained a family and possibly all they possessed of this world's goods. They were moving on to their anticipated Land of Promise, to a new land. They are decidedly in earnest to improve their fortunes. They mean business, the acquisition of wealth, and all other matters are of secondary importance. They had moved off from their old earth territory, had in fact pulled up stakes, and were determined to occupy a new place.

Are we who profess to be Christians as earnest in seeking the kingdom of heaven? It would do us good to *pull up stakes* and start for a new spiritual territory—and be determined to own a right to a privilege in the kingdom of God.

We too may find the promised Land, and this, like an earthly possession must be taken by violence, by persistent, individual effort. Let us all take a new departure spiritually. Do a little better than we have ever done before; take new steps in the path of righteousness.

Canterbury, N. H.

THE Father and Mother have opened the way so well adapted to our needs, that we begin here to reap the benefits of salvation. Here is where the Mother spirit has surpassed the understanding of man of the earth. She has

devised a plan which supersedes aristocracy. Theologies and creeds melt before the warming rays of a Parent's love. Selfish ties hold no sway where the Mother spirit brings all into one universal family. The lives of such are a standing miracle before the world. Beautiful are the feet of those who walk the path of virtue. Their example sheds forth healing balm. Their homes are arbors of peace, away from the turmoil that reigns among the selfish. Come and walk with us in Wisdom's ways, for her ways are pleasantness and her paths are peace. C. D.

## LOVE.

M. J. TATTERTON.

THE Savior's command was, "Love your enemies." How purely unselfish must be the heart that really obeys the divine injunction; but the Savior both by precept and example illustrated the worth of this love; not only did he love those who were kind to him but those who reviled and persecuted him. Of all the influences brought to bear upon the human soul, the work of love is the most wondrous and divine. It sheds a halo of heavenly light over all with whom its possessor is associated. A soul in the possession of the love of God is rich beyond comparison. The earth may withhold her treasures and the fortunes of this world never smile; but the wealth of love is a mine that can never be exhausted. When earthly riches shall have taken wings, love shall remain as the Christian's abiding treasure,—the test of the soul's discipleship.

Canterbury, N. H.

"He may find fault who cannot mend."

## HAVE CHARITY.

If we knew the cares and crosses,  
 Crowded round our neighbors' way;  
 If we knew the little losses,  
 Sorely grievous day by day,  
 Would we then so often chide him  
 For the lack of thrift and gain  
 Leaving on his heart a shadow,  
 Leaving on our lives a stain?  
 If we knew the clouds above us  
 Held by gentle blessing there,  
 Would we turn away, all trembling,  
 In our blind and weak despair?  
 Would we shrink from little shadows,  
 Lying on the dewy grass,  
 While 'tis only birds of Eden  
 Just in mercy flitting past?  
 If we knew the silent story  
 Quivering through the heart of pain,  
 Would our manhood dare to doom it  
 Back to haunts of vice and shame?  
 Life has many a tangled crossing,  
 Joy has many a break of woe,  
 And the cheeks tear-washed are whitest,  
 And the blessed angels know.  
 Let us reach within our bosoms  
 For the key to other lives,  
 And with love to erring nature,  
 Cherish good that still survives;  
 So that when our disrobed spirits  
 Soar to realms of light again,  
 We may say "Dear Father, judge us  
 As we judged our fellow men."  
*—Selected.*

## PRAYER FOR THE YOUTH.

EUNICE WYTHE.

God of love and life eternal,  
 Power and wisdom, peace and truth;  
 From that nature vile and carnal,  
 In thy mercy save the youth.  
 Blooming branches, young and tender,  
 Springing from the holy vine;  
 Let not sin nor satan hinder,  
 Nor the smallest bough disjoin.  
 We behold the youth with pleasure,  
 And rejoice to see them grow;

They are mother's precious treasure,  
 'Tis the seed her hands did sow.  
 Let the faithful, first Believer  
 Cry to God with all his might,  
 Never let the old deceiver  
 Rob the youth of their birthright.

Ye to whom all power is given,  
 Both in heaven and on earth;  
 Raise your piercing cry to heaven,  
 Labor for your children's birth.  
 Father, in Thy mercy save them,  
 Keep them from the wolves around;  
 In Thy arms, kind Shepherd, bear them,  
 Keep them from polluted ground.

How the precious work advances,  
 Fast increasing in the youth;  
 Heavenly songs and joyful dances,  
 Powerful in the word of truth.  
 They adorn God's sanctuary,  
 While they strengthen Zion's wall;  
 Let them run and not be weary,  
 Let them walk and never fall  
*Harvard, Mass.*

## Correspondence.

MT. LEBANON, N. Y., Mar. 1889.

DEAR MANIFESTO:—You are ever a welcome visitor in our home. A source of comfort and joy as month after month we grasp each number and eagerly feast on the good things therein, kindly bestowed upon us by dear, beloved, gospel friends from the several Societies. The Editorials are able, instructive and highly entertaining. Personally, I have found encouragement and strength, and oftentimes much comfort in the perusal. I was much pleased with the March Number. It came replete with goodness and blessing, illumined with bright hope bearing tidings of good cheer to all. The letter from our Sister, A. C. Stickney is a model of kindness and true-hearted Christianity, and the doubting heart may well be strengthened after

perusing the article from the pen of Br. Louis Basting. To sum it all, there is the deep, Fatherly wisdom, sweet Motherly love and counsel, the sturdy companionship of youth combined with the precious utterances of childhood, to be found in the March MANIFESTO.

For twelve years or more, I have been an interested reader of the beautiful and encouraging articles from Br. Daniel Orcutt, and long ago anticipated sending a word of thanks for the same. But oh! procrastination, the thief of time, stole away the opportunity, and lo! in the March No., I find a kind and appreciative soul has heartily responded. I gladly join with my unknown Sister in far away Kentucky in the tribute of love and thanks for the good Brother's untiring zeal in behalf of the youth. Dear MANIFESTO, may your light ever continue to shine brighter and brighter. I believe the ties of brother-hood and sister-hood are strengthened through your pages and can be more and more. There are those in every Community that I love and most eagerly are the articles read when a familiar name is attached, and when there is no signature we feel that it comes from some beloved co-worker in the field of action. The other day I asked a Brother, "have you read a certain article in the MANIFESTO?" He answered, "I have not yet come to it. I always begin at the beginning and go through it." May this interest in the MANIFESTO increase. With the new year came new hopes, and new promises, and one of my resolutions was to cheerfully perform every duty that presented itself. I felt that it was my duty and indeed a pleasure to address these few lines to you, dear MANIFESTO, and will conclude in the words of a song.

"Oh praise ye the Lord  
And rejoice in his goodness,  
Bright, living souls who in  
Righteous works abound,  
'Tis your right to be joyful  
And sing holy praises,  
And glorify Him  
For the prize you have found.  
Oh sing hallelujah, glory and honor be  
To those who have brought the  
Gospel on earth,  
We bless the pure source  
And we'll drink the sweet waters  
That fill us with joy,  
Thanksgiving and mirth."  
Ever yours for truth,

LIZZIE A. KIDD.

[The following beautiful letter from the pen of our beloved gospel father, Elder Daniel, is placed before the readers of the MANIFESTO, that all may share in a treasure which is made precious to the Believer as we remember the consecrated life work of our aged parent. Ed.]

WATERVLIET, N. Y., MAY 2, 1889.

MUCH BELOVED ELDER HENRY;—  
We have quite lately been favored with the perusal of a very interesting and pleasant communication, from your ready pen, addressed to the traveling ministerial delegation who have, and will pass a limited sojourn at every Society in the west and south.

Elder Giles forwarded said notice for the edification and attention of the remaining half, who "are now at home," in the midst of surrounding Brethren and Sisters.

We are indeed made very happy and comfortable in the full knowledge of charitable considerations extended to us. As the stiff right hand of your aged Brother can only hold or move the pen with much difficulty, we trust that charity may pass over an indefinite multitude of ill-shaped pen-marks. It is only uni-

versal, interested gospel love that causes the pen to move at the present time.

After imparting the special love, kind thanks, and affectionate remembrance of Eldress Ann, to all the dear souls at Canterbury, the remainder of this small sheet may be more personal.

This day, the second of May, is the birthday of your Brother of 85 years; being born in the year 1804, in Logan County, Ky., you will perceive that the count is correct.

In taking a retrospective view of the past, I am led to reflect on what has been well done, with pleasure; but some good things that have been left undone, cause a little uneasiness. In my declining years I have received numerous tokens of love and respect from various loved Brethren and Sisters. May these pen-marks give evidence that all of them have been fully appreciated, and now, heart-felt thanks are here presented to every Sister and Brother at loved Canterbury. Even a highly prized letter written by request, (and a very good sample by the way,) was duly and thankfully received, but not responded to. Many thanks and kindest love, is hereby extended to the writer thereof.

We left Mt. Lebanon on the 24th ult. Left Society at that place, in common health, and busily engaged in making or earning money, cleaning house and door-yard. Farming and gardening nearly a month more forward than usual. Here at our valley home, we find usual health, but do not realize sickness to be a very "strange" or uncommon thing. Vegetation at this place more forward than at the Mount; cherry and plum trees in full bloom. Of late we have been favored with a lovely rain, which makes us still more thankful, as the rain was much needed.

Now good Elder Henry, we tender to you, and kind Sisters of the printing department, our most hearty thanks, for your kindness and promptness in forwarding the MANIFESTO,—for the extra one sent to this place, Eldress Ann sends a thousand and one, thanks.

Ever yours in love,

DANIEL BOLER.

FORT LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS.

APRIL, 1889.

TO THE MANIFESTO;—When I was quite young, my mother was called from earth, to explore the unknown country from whence no traveler returns. After her death, I had no easy time, as my father was poor, yet he strove honestly and faithfully to support a large family of children and of course when our mother was taken it was with us like sheep without a shepherd. We were scattered. I chanced to get with a man who promised to pay me five dollars per month. He worked me in the field, and at everything that came along, but ten dollars was all I ever received for my time. After leaving him, I worked for a man by the name of G. A. Brown. This good man was very kind, and advised me to go to Pleasant Hill, Ky., and join the Shakers.

This good man also had a son, who is now Elder Napoleon D. Brown, of Pleasant Hill, Ky. On, or about the fifteenth of February, one day at ten o'clock, I started for Pleasant Hill, a distance of twenty eight miles, but before reaching the place it was late in the night. In the afternoon it began to rain and soon darkness was spread over the earth. I tried long before dark to secure shelter and something to eat, as I



had fasted since early in the morning. I was refused at every place, and when asked where I was going, they would say, "Oh, you can soon get there, it is only two or three miles." Some of them would advise me not to go there, although they refused me a crust of bread.

The last house at which I stopped after being refused, I tried to hire the man to let me come in and rest on his floor. I told him I had no money but would give him all my school-books, which consisted of several readers, a geography, slates and such things, but he told me some member of his house was sick and he could not let me stay. He showed me the lights, and said, "There is where you want to go." After asking how far it was, he said, "three miles."

It was then very dark. I started on, for though I had been denied charity from the children of this world, I felt sure that when I reached Pleasant Hill, I should find friends. After climbing over many high cliffs, and deep ravines, I reached, in safety, the street in front of the East House. Although it was late, some of the good Sisters were up sewing and knitting, and just about that time the clouds parted and the full moon shone out brightly over the beautiful city of God's chosen people. Most of them were slumbering in peace.

As I stood there viewing the place, I exclaimed aloud, "Praise God for this beautiful home, the blessings of which I can so freely enjoy." I intended going to the Central House, but as I knocked at the front door of East House one of the Sisters was coming to bar the door for the night, she asked, "Who comes there?" I said, *me*, and she thought I was one of their own boys,

but on opening the door she found who I was. I was invited to walk in. Refreshments were given me, and it reminded me of Christian when on his heavenward journey, as he stopped at the house of the Interpreter. Since then, nor before, have I had such kindness shown me.

I wish to have it known, that although I departed from the place, I hold the people in kindest remembrance. The Shakers have done more good than they will ever know on this earth. The contrast between the Christian, and those who are not interested to do good, I have tried to show in this piece. The Shakers are doing more now towards educating children than when I was a boy. At that time public school was not taught there, and I did not have the chance that many others have now. I have obtained my education as best I could, and that is not much.

I now tender my thanks, and pray the blessings of a merciful God to rest and abide with the Shakers wherever they may be.

Respectfully yours,

THOMAS BENGE.

---

### TRUE RICHES.

H. H. SEARBROUGH.

THERE is nothing within the power of an individual, which will pay such large and satisfactory returns in pure happiness as the conscientious and persistent cultivation of self-denial for the good of others.

The merchant may reap wealth and fame unbounded. He may bring his goods from every clime and be able to dictate terms of treaty and trade to crowned heads, and exert a powerful in-

fluence in the legislation of the world. He may be as a prince among them, and like a sovereign as to his power over others; indeed, he may revel in all the pleasures of sensuality; surround himself with every earthly luxury, and deny himself of nothing which wealth and power can command; but, at last, the evening of life is closing around him and he is forced to face the reality of death.

The grandeur of his success which before had been his joy and pride, now fails to awaken any pleasing emotion in his breast, for this alas, is fleeting, mutable and unsatisfactory. Groping in his despair for one solid rock to stand upon, in his extremity, he now recalls all those he rejected and cast out. Sacrificed were the principles of integrity, charity and purity for his greed for the mammon of unrighteousness.

It is not possible for all to acquire worldly wealth, power or fame, but it is within the power of the humblest of God's people to make daily investments of the true riches in the banks of sure compensation. This may be accomplished by taking up the daily cross of self-denial; by making ourselves useful to the world; by bringing joy to the sad, and by making some one's burden lighter by striving to render the grief of the unfortunate more endurable. And though it may require the sacrifice of some selfish consideration, the reward will be sufficient even at the present to well repay the cost, and when at the end of our journey we look over our past lives and behold the good deeds we have done, the kind words we have spoken, the peaceful spirit we have carried with us, the degree of patience we have exercised, the fidelity with which we have

stood by the principles of justice, purity, love and progress; the memory of these things and the possession of that uprightness of spirit to which we shall have attained, will constitute a fund of true riches. This can never be destroyed and will insure to us the continual approbation of our Heavenly Parents and the love of the followers of Christ.

*South Union, Ky.*

[WRITTEN FOR THE MANIFESTO.]

### THEOSOLOGY.

B. F. BAILEY.

OF the many topics which will naturally interest the readers of the MANIFESTO, the discussion concerning theosophy, will prove most valuable.

I refer not only to the rapid dissemination of theosophical literature and organization of theosophical societies generally, in this country, but especially to the criticism of Dr. J. R. Buchanan who, as is well known, stands in the foremost rank of the spiritual writers of the day, and the very able and exhaustive reply of E. I. K. Noyes Esq. F. T. S. published in the *Religio-Philosophical Journal of Chicago*, in its issue of Apr. 2. 1889.

I would that time and space permitted quoting the latter article entire, in lieu of being content with a few excerpts.

Bro. Noyes in his article says:—"Theo-Sophia or Theosophy from two Greek words meaning Divine Wisdom, is a very comprehensive term. It means Divine Wisdom, the absolute sum of all knowledge, whether relating to the field of research we call science, or to the other and spiritual side of nature which has been claimed by The-

ology as its special field, yet which must be in reality just as much under the rule of absolute law, and as scientific as the physical side of nature." \* \* \*

"It was under this definition of theosophist that the Theosophical Society was founded by a few sincere seekers after truth, and has grown and prospered up to the present time. It is not a religious society in the ordinary sense of that term, as it has not a set creed, requires assent to no dogmas, and has no prescribed theology." \* \* \* "It numbers among its members, people of all beliefs, Buddhists, Brahmins, Hindus, Parsees, Mohamedans, Liberal Christians, Spiritualists and Agnostics, each studying from his own standpoint, and allowing full liberty to others, to do the same, recognizing that no one observer has, or can have, the whole truth."

\* \* \* "The objects of the Society are as follows:

1. To form the nucleus of a universal Brotherhood of Humanity without distinction of race, creed or color.

2. To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions and sciences.

3. To investigate unexplained laws of nature and the Physichal powers of man.

"The principle object of the society is the first, not simply in order but in importance. We believe that the inculcation of the principle of brotherhood and the essential unity of the race spiritually, is of the utmost importance at the present time, and that the carrying out of the principles of love and brotherhood, not simply in theory but in practical life, is the only remedy for the present ominous and uneasy condition of the working classes, (so called) and is

necessary to prevent the catastrophe, which must come as the logical and inevitable result of a civilization, which is purely selfish in its aim, putting every man against his neighbor in the struggle for material aggrandizement, instead of looking to the advancement of the community as a whole. We believe that mankind are one in their higher spiritual aspect, and that all true progress spiritually or materially, must be made as a race through the inculcation of the principle of love, and help of our fellow men; that it is as impossible to really progress spiritually through the present selfish rules of life, where each strives to rise at the expense of his neighbor, as it would be for one to nourish one finger at the expense of the other fingers."

"To aid in an humble way, the future spiritual growth of humanity through the inculcation and practice of the principle of brotherhood and love, and by unselfish impersonal work for humanity.

Personally by striving to kill out selfishness in ourselves, forgetting self in work for others and as a society, by spreading these ideas as widely as possible and trying to bring their truth home to as many individuals as we can."

It will readily be discerned by our Shaker friends that the Theosophical society is an *arant courier* in disseminating the very doctrines and principles which are fundamental in all Shaker Societies.

*North Cambridge, Mass.*

---

As Churches from the creedal and numerical point of view, are approaching religion's darkest hour, from the progressive view, it is dawn of a new day. G. B. A.

## IN-AS-MUCH.

NANCY G. DANFORTH.

WHEN we see it announced by the public press, as we often do, that some one has donated thousand of dollars to this or that charity, usually stipulating that his name be in some way attached to the funds, we are lead to ask the question, "Did that man acquire his wealth by dishonest means, and is he now seeking to ease a guilty conscience, and buy a place in heaven? Or is love of fame the impelling motive?" Does it seem compatible with the injunction, "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth." In the parable of the sheep and goats, we do not find any mention made of such high-sounding benevolence, as influencing the balance of a just reward.

But the simple duties of life faithfully performed or otherwise guide the decision. The word is, "In-as-much as ye have or have not done unto the least of these my brethren." Who are these brethren? Not the self-exalted, with many high-sounding titles which please the ear. They are the "least." Their names may not be registered on any church book, because the Master beholds the heart. Every deed of kindness done to the suffering poor of earth, however obscurely performed, will be sure to bring its own reward to the soul. How many have passed through life with scarcely a recognition! They are so quiet and unobtrusive in their manners, neither looking nor asking for any other reward, than the pleasure of bestowing comfort and happiness upon others. We think there will be two disappointed classes; the one, those who have lauded their own merits, and recieved the ap-

plause of mortals. These will expect a joyful greeting on the other shore.

Jesus says, "Verily I say unto you, they have their reward." The other class are those who, as we have said before, pass unnoticed through life, and expect nothing hereafter but the quiet and peace in their own souls resulting from "Little acts of kindness and little deeds of love." These will hear the welcome sound of "In-as-much as ye have done it unto these ye have done it unto me." Which shall we choose?

Canterbury, N. H.

## PREACHING.

FRANCIS OF ASSISI once stepped down into the cloisters of his monastery, and laying his hand on the shoulder of a young monk, said:

"Brother, let us go down into the town and preach."

So they went forth, the venerable father and the young man, conversing as they went.

They wound their way down the principal streets, round the lowly alleys and lanes, and even to the outskirts of the town, and to the village beyond, till they found themselves back at the monastery again.

Then said the young monk, "Father, when shall we begin to preach?"

And the father looked kindly down upon his son, and said:

"My child, we have been preaching; we were preaching while we were walking. We have been seen, looked at; our behavior has been remarked; and so we have delivered a morning sermon. Ah! my son, it is of no use that we walk anywhere to preach. unless we preach as we walk."—*Paxton Hood.*

Look within thee for the kingdom of Heaven. There should be a fountain of love springing up to water the soul. *H. J. Shepard.*

"God looks to pure and to full hands."

## THE MANIFESTO.

JUNE, 1889.

## OFFICE OF PUBLICATION.

THE MANIFESTO is published by the "UNITED SOCIETY OF BELIEVERS" on the first of each month, and is the only work issued regularly by the COMMUNITY. Its aim is to furnish a plain and simple statement of the religious views of the ORDER and to inculcate the spirit of righteousness.

All communications should be addressed to  
HENRY C. BLINN,  
SHAKER VILLAGE, MER. CO.,  
N. H.

## TERMS.

One copy per year, postage paid,	.75
" " six months, " "	.40
Send for specimen copy, free.	

## Editorial.

ALTHOUGH religionists, above all others, seem to enjoy a satisfaction while being enshrouded in some form of mystery, and in making that mystery an essential point in the scheme of salvation from sin, there cannot be the least necessity for pursuing any such course. The gospel work of our divine Teacher, Jesus Christ, is so plainly and beautifully marked out that no one need mistake the road which leads on toward God.

It must be those who walk in darkness, having eyes but see not, who change the simplicity of the way of truth into one of mystery. It may be readily conceded that their theology is obscure, and possibly their lives may be questionable.

"Wisdom's ways," when we find them, "are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace," and if our minds are attuned in harmony with the way, we need have no fear of being lost from God.

If we retain the wanderings from the truth and from the light of revelation and also the innovations introduced into the Christian church by a class of selfish, quarrelsome men who have been styled Egyptian doctors or philosophers they will be quite certain to make us like themselves, children of this world.

The life of Christ is light; and to be like him we must walk in the light. His life is truth, and to be like him we must abide in the truth. His life is in God, full of mercy, righteousness and love, and to be like him, we must have our life in God and abound in the same gospel fruits. Failing to secure these good gifts which must come by a living, growing testimony for God and against the elements of the world, individuals, churches and communities, ultimately become like the church of Laodicea and must fade away like the mist before the morning sun. The nearer any body of religionists walk by the side of the world the more obscurely will these states be presented, and should they unfortunately fall to the same level as the world, then the difference between the two orders will be known only by the names which they may bear.

Jesus as he walked among his brethren and instructed them in a life of righteousness, he was a model of simplicity. His lessons, delivered often in parables, were remarkable in their

gentle application to the truth. His care was as that of the shepherd over his flock. Jesus wanted all who would accept the truth to enter with him into the kingdom of God, and to enjoy this privilege while upon the earth.

As he was anxious to do the will of God, so was he anxious that his followers should learn to do the same. Give all to God and then the solving of every spiritual difficulty was by a very simple process. ASK, SEEK. A pilgrim on the way need not travel in doubt, He has only to ask and the information will be given to him. He can have no excuse for remaining in ignorance and wasting away precious time. If a little more effort is needed to insure a positive success, the advice from Jesus is to SEEK and he promises the assurance that the desired object will be found. This will require an increase of zeal and any Christian who is determined to make his calling sure, must keep his eyes open and his mind active or he may fail to find the strait gate which is so essential to his happiness.

Having found it, we must be sure to keep within it. Jesus calls this life of righteousness a "narrow way" because those who walk in it must deny themselves of all ungodliness. He has told us quite distinctly of some things that will not be admitted in this new and narrow way, but the broad way takes in the whole world and those who attempt to follow in the footsteps of the world, will, most assuredly, find themselves in this way which Jesus says leads to destruction. All this is remarkably simple and without any system of theology, without any

churchal creed and without any forms or ceremonies. The righteous and unrighteous must each reap the reward of their own labors. No qualifications attained unto in any earthly order can warrant a protective passage on this heavenly highway, unless it has for its foundation an exceeding righteousness. To bear good fruits which may readily be seen and known of all men, there must be a growing vitality, and this life must come from God.

[ARTICLES published in the MANIFESTO must be referred to the authors for any explanation that may be required. New views and good views may be both pleasant and profitable. Theological notions are of far less value than religion or practical righteousness, and in order to be saved from the sins of the world, one must live a life consecrated to God and to his people. Ed.]

## Sanitary.

### WATER.

A PITCHER of cold water placed on a table or a bureau will absorb all the gases with which a room is filled from the respiration of those eating or sleeping in the apartment. Very few realize how important such purification is for the health of the family, or, indeed, understand or realize, that there can be any impurity in the rooms, yet in a few hours a pitcher of cold water—the colder the better and more effective—will make the air of the room pure, but the water will be entirely unfit for use. In bed-rooms a bucket or pitcher of water should always be kept and changed often if any one stays in the room during the day, and certainly be put in fresh when the inmates retire. One should never drink such water; if it is needed for drink, use a closely covered vessel. Impure



water causes more sickness than even impure air, and for that reason, before using water from a pump or reservoir for drinking or cooking, one should pump or draw out enough to clear the pipes before using it, particularly in the morning, after the water has been standing in the pipes all night.—Ex.

For a long time the above has been recognized as a scientific fact, yet sensible people speak of malaria arising from rivers and lakes. Why! Bless everybody, were it not for the absorbing powers of water, man would not long survive. He would soon die of the accumulated waste and defilement of his own body.

Water is a reservoir for the impure emanations of man and animals.

Large cities are never built only near large bodies of water, either a large running river, where the water is being constantly renewed, or near a large lake, sea or gulf, where the waves are dashing and the water is kept constantly in commotion.

By the motion of the water, the impurities it gathers are precipitated to the earth beneath: there they are decomposed, returned to earth conditions. The water receives the impurities, carries them to the earth and by its soluble influence, aids in their decomposition.

The evaporation of water by artificial means, or by the sun's rays, carries no impurities with it; and when condensed the water thus produced is always pure.

O, Water! thou blest of all material, prepared by the Giver of all for his children. "Water, precious essence of life! Rippling in the glade and grassy dell where the red deer wanders and the child loves to play, there God prepares it.

Down, away down in the deepest valleys, where the fountain murmurs and the rills ring, high on the mountain tops, where the naked granite glitters like gold in the sun, where storm-clouds brood and thunderstorms crash; and out, out on the wide, wide sea, where the hurricane howls music, and the big waves roar their chorus, sweeping the march of God, there He prepares it. Beverage of life—health-giving water."—*The Journal of Hygeio-Therapy.*

## Temperance.

### THE COST OF SALOONS.

NOT less than 80,000 go annually to a drunkard's grave from the homes of this land. The waste of life wrought every five years by our 200,000 saloons, is equal to the destruction of life by both armies, during the entire war of the rebellion. 500,000 drunkard-makers are able to accomplish more than four times their number could with shot and shell. To realize the relentless cruelty of the liquor power go to the dishonored homes, read the haggard faces, hear helpless children crying for food, see them stricken down by infuriated fathers. Witness the ruin of youth, and their utter degradation. Alas, how true and terrible is this indictment of the saloon, which transmits to our children a heritage of distilleries and breweries and chains to society, paupers, criminals, idiots and insane. More than 30,000 children in Chicago are addicted to the use of strong drink.—*Clinton B. Fisk, in the Pioneer.*

I AM going to prove to you the liquor traffic is an evil; if you don't know that, you don't know anything. Forty eight years ago, there was *one* brewery in this country, now there are ten thousand. Figure how much longer it will take to get rid of the beer traffic. The kegs of beer emptied last year, piled up, would make a tower 27,000 miles high.—*Michal J. Fanning. (Irish Orator.)*

[Contributed by Sister Mary Whitcher.]

### RELIGION.

God has given to man religion, the most priceless gift that flows from his boundless love, but alas! what horrible, what detestable things have gathered around it! Religion, what crimes have been committed in thy name! we say, What! religion guilty of wrong! it is not, it cannot be. Religion! it is of God, divine and holy. It is pure light, undarkened by a single shadow of wrong. Religion! it is the pure heart, the tender love and sympathy, the devout and aspiring



soul, the Christ, embodied in human flesh, bowed in reverence and adoration before the God of infinite truth, love and goodness. Religion! It is an angel of light and peace, in whose serene countenance is no taint of evil passion, no sign of bitterness, but with its radiant and divinely illumined presence ever pointing and lifting men upward and ever upward to that rift in the clouds of sin and misery through which streams forever a ray from the everlasting light and peace of heaven. What is it then that taints the fair name and reputation of that which should be above all reproach or suspicion, what is it that permits the scoffer or the skeptic to pronounce the holy name of religion with a sneer of ridicule and contempt? It is this monster theology that has all along clung to its garments surrounding it with all the hideous distortions of human passion and error. It is theology that has burnt heretics at the stake; it is theology that has led armies forth to scenes of blood and carnage, shamefully forging the sacred name of religion to inscribe it on their brutal banners; it is theology that in all the ages has made men narrow, hard and cruel, and if anywhere in religion past or present there has been anything lowering, weakening or degrading to human life it can be traced back to this destructive parasite of doctrine and creed which has all along well-nigh strangled all life and fruitfulness out of this delicate and tender plant rooted as it is in the finer elements of the human soul. Oh theology what crimes against religion hast thou committed, what terrible wrong and injury hast thou done to this divinely sent messenger that would fain lift men up from their small and sluggish ways of living! I have seen it crush all the religion out of a soul that otherwise might have been religious. I have seen conversions which were nothing but conversions to a peculiar belief or dogma produce a change for the worse and not for the better. I have seen it transform a natural hearty and buoyant life into an artificial, sanctimonious so-called professor of religion. Instead of making the soul broader and larger, more open and receptive to truth and goodness wherever found, theology narrows and darkens the mind, and fosters only distrust and

enmity toward anything not labeled with its own little petty creed and profession.

Theology again is skilful and cunning in its power to counterfeit religion. It permits a person to live thirty, forty or fifty years under the delusion that he is living a religious life, when there is nothing of religion about him. Forty years of religion, what would that mean? Why, it would mean forty years of uninterrupted growth and progress toward divinity. It would mean forty years every day of which would make the heart more tender, loving and generous; the temper sweeter and more subdued, the spirit quickened and alive to holier influences, the very countenance transfigured with love to God and man. Why, I believe that if there was among us to-day one single soul that for forty years had professed religion pure and undefiled that soul would be fitted to the homage and worship of man as was Christ himself. We should flock around that soul as did sinners of old around the Master. We should strive to gain one touch of his garment, to hear one gracious word from his lips, to catch one glimpse of his face. And from that vision of a life made divine as from a vision of the Father we should turn to take up our cross and follow in his footsteps. Why do we not see something like that as a result of Christian discipleship? Why, because there has never yet been a life-time consecrated to pure and undefiled religion. There have been lives consecrated to theology usurping the sacred name of religion. It has been a belief, a dogma that through all those years has led and governed the life. For that dry, hard doctrine they have lived and fought and contended; for that they have hated and denounced as heretics all those who did not agree with them; on account of that belief they have congratulated themselves upon securing God's grace and salvation; on account of that profession of the one true creed they have looked forward to some sort of a heaven that awaits them hereafter. Theology has driven out religion, the letter has driven out the spirit, the form has dried up the very fountains of life. And it is only by and by in that great day when all scales shall fall from the eyes and the soul

shall stand clear and full before the eternal light, when it shall be seen that God judges not by what a man believes but by what he is, it will then be seen how utterly useless and contemptible is all the theology that the world contains in comparison with one single spark of pure and undefiled religion.

—Rev. L. B. Macdonald.

### MECHANICAL SINGING.

THE acquirement of the "technique" of vocalization is in the highest degree desirable by any one purposing to become an artistic performer; in-as-much as it comprehends the best method of producing musical tones by the proper use of the vocal organs, the adjustment, equalization and connection of the "registers," the practice of scales and various other exercises for flexibility, the expansion and diminution of the voice, the distinguishing between the clear and the "sombre" qualities of tone, the "nuances" or shadings for various effects; the proper phrasing of both words and music, etc. Without which, a singer, however talented, must feel conscious of a lack of power to produce all the effects he is desirous of making. Yet, purely mechanical training, without regard to the peculiar characteristic of both voice and genius of the pupil, may result in only a monotonous and conventional style and expression, which has become quite observable among pupils of the "iron clad" one method school. It takes a great deal more than we find in vocal "methods" to make a good singer, as every experienced teacher knows. The management of the breath, the attitude, gesture, pronunciation, the mouth generally most of all, and the thousand and various suggestions which a competent teacher finds it constantly necessary to give.

But now what is understood as "expression" in singing, which may be called the most vital part of all; as without it singing is dead. If expression is spontaneous, so much the better, provided it is accompanied by good judgment and sense; as in the painting of a landscape we might make the skies green and the trees blue, an incongruity readily perceived. The experience of the

writer leads him to believe that the practice of tasteful, classical sacred music, makes the best ground-work for true and genuine expression (which with some gifted persons comes almost intuitively.) Even children should learn to sing the best class of sacred music, and be taught to love it, as well as to avoid all merely "namby pamby" music, and especially songs of a "slangy" style, or with words of doubtful purity, as depraving to the taste and to the divine mission of music. Adoration and gratitude to Almighty God, tears for sin, sorrow for the suffering Savior, love for his unbounded and unmeasurable love to us are surely themes to draw forth our most soul-exciting emotions. Words are not brought to music, but music to words, to enhance, diversify and beautify their expression, therefore the words should be the first consideration.

Good and tasteful ballads, also other compositions of merit, are of course available. I rather sympathize with those with words "kind, sweet and true."

The canzonets of Haydn and many fine old English compositions make good help for expression. It is always best to use songs in one's own language in order to improve in expression, as you think and feel in it. When in a tongue you do not understand your attempts at expression are merely imitation, and meretricious. The Italian language is easier and pleasanter for the voice than some others.

The vocal methods of Garcio, Panseron Gavosscohe, Panofka, Damereuer, and Marchesi, are all good in themselves, but how to make a right use of them and not misuse them is an important matter.—Robt. Geo. Paige, in *Phil. Musical Journal*.

[Contributed by Elder G. B. Avery.]

### A MERCHANT'S STORY.

HOW HE SECURED A SITUATION—A LESSON TO YOUNG MEN.

I WAS seventeen years old when I left the country store I had tended for three years, and came to Boston in search of a place. Anxious, of course, to appear to the best advantage, I spent an unusual amount of

time and solicitude upon my toilet, and when it was completed, I surveyed my reflection in the glass with no little satisfaction, glancing lastly and most approvingly upon a seal ring which embellished my little finger, and my cane, a very fine affair, which I purchased with direct reference to this occasion. My first day's experience was not encouraging; I traversed street after street—up on one side and down on the other—without success. I fancied, toward the last, the clerks all knew my business the moment I entered the door, and they winked ill-naturedly at my discomfiture as I passed out. But nature endowed me with a good degree of persistency, and the next day I started again. Toward noon I entered a store where an elderly gentleman stood talking with a lady by the door. I waited till the visitor had left, and then stated my errand. "No, sir," was the answer, given in a peculiarly crisp and decided manner. Possibly I looked the discouragement I began to feel; for he added, in a kindlier tone, "Are you good at taking a hint?" "I don't know," I answered, while my face flushed painfully. "What I wish to say is this," said he, smiling at my embarrassment; "if I were in want of a clerk, I would not engage a young man who came seeking employment with a flashy ring on his finger and swinging a fancy cane." For a moment, mortified vanity struggled against common sense, but sense gained the victory, and I replied—with rather a shaky voice, I am afraid—"I'm very much obliged to you," and then beat a hasty retreat. As soon as I got out of sight, I slipped the ring into my pocket, and walking rapidly to the Worcester depot, I left the cane in charge of the baggage master "until called for." It is there now, for aught I know. At any rate I never called for it. That afternoon I obtained a situation with the firm of which I am now a partner. How much my unfortunate finery had injured my prospects the previous day I shall never know, but I never think of the old gentleman and his plain dealing, without feeling as I told him at the time, very much obliged to him.—*Selected.*

LEARNING elicits the innate powers of the mind.

## THE TONGUE.

"THE boneless tongue, so small and weak,  
Can crush and kill," declared the Greek.  
"The tongue destroys a greater horde,"  
The Turk asserts, "than does the sword."  
The Persian proverb wisely saith  
"A lengthy tongue—an early death."  
Or sometimes takes this form instead,  
"Don't let your tongue cut off your head."  
"The tongue can speak a word whose speed,"  
Says the Chinese, "outstrips the steed."  
While Arab sages this impart,  
"The tongue's great storehouse is the heart."  
From Hebrew writ the maxim sprung,  
"Though feet should slip ne'er let the tongue."  
The sacred writer crowns the whole,  
"Who keeps his tongue doth keep his soul."  
—*Selected.*

## OIL YOURSELF A LITTLE.

ONCE upon a time there lived an old gentleman in a large house. He had servants and everything he wanted; and yet he was not happy, and when things did not go as he wished he was very cross. At last his servants left him. Quite out of temper he went to a neighbor with the story of his distresses. "It seems to me," said the neighbor, sagaciously, "'twould be well for you to oil yourself a little."

"To oil myself?"

"Yes, and I will explain. Some time ago one of the doors in my house creaked. Nobody, therefore, liked to go in or out of it. One day I oiled its hinges, and it has been constantly used by everybody ever since."

"Then you think I am like a creaking door," cried the old gentleman. "How do you want me to oil myself?"

"That's an easy matter," said the neighbor. "Go home and engage a servant, and when he does right praise him. If, on the contrary, he does something amiss, do not be cross; oil your voice and your words with the oil of love."

The old gentleman went home, and no harsh or ugly words were ever heard in the house afterward. Everybody should have a

supply of this precious oil, for every family is liable to have a creaking hinge in the shape of a fretful disposition, a cross temper, a harsh tone, or a fault-finding spirit.—*Selected.*

---

IN REMEMBRANCE OF  
Brother PETER BOYD.

BY O. C. HAMPTON.

"A wit's a feather and a chit's a rod,  
An honest man's the noblest work of God."  
*See page 144.*

It may be said that Br. Peter has lived among Believers during a period of 82 yrs., as his parents believed and united with the Society a short time before he was born. The writer has been intimately acquainted with the deceased for about 54 years, and a more genial fair-minded upright man he never saw.

Years and years may take their silent flight across the horizon of our Western Zion ere we shall look upon his like again. When I think of his truly glorious career, I am filled with the aspiration of the rapt seer of old "Let me die the death of the righteous and let my last end be like his." He has filled with honor and unimpeachable integrity the highest and most sacred Offices of trust and responsibility for years and years which were within the gift and patronage of the Church, and has uniformly vacated the same when requested so to do, with the same cheerfulness and tranquility with which he assumed them. His modesty was above all praise and his kindness and humanity to mankind and even all creatures susceptible to pain was simply unbounded. When asked if poor and homeless persons should be lodged over night and fed, his uniform answer was, The Order, and also Mother said, "You should not turn the poor and needy from your doors." When some were about to sell to the world two faithful old horses, he sent them an indignant interdict and stopped the sale. I heard him say he had care of cows for seven years, and had treated them with care and tenderness in weaning the calves. It is safe to say that no one has ever lived at Union Village who has enjoyed

the esteem and confidence of all both inside and outside of Zion far and near and on all sides to a greater extent than good Bro. Peter. And yet so altogether unassuming was he, that although acquainted with the Higher Mathematics and Astronomy, equal to constructing Logarithms and calculating Eclipses, yet made so little parade of the same that one would never discover it only by inquiring of him. The solemn inference from all which is, Let us all go and do likewise and we shall depart hence in peace having bettered the world by having lived in it well and faithfully,  
*North Union, Ohio.*

---

We all believe in the power of good deeds, and the fragrance of kindly offices rendered to the poor and lowly of earth.

The only monument erected to the memory of a woman in America is the one erected in a "Public Square" in New Orleans to "*Mother Margaret.*"

Some one inquired of a street Arab as to "who is that?" He replied "why, that's *Mother Margaret.*"

"Margaret whom?" the stranger questioned.

"Dunno, sir, *Mother Margaret*, that is all I know. Everybody in New Orleans knows *Mother Margaret.*"

"What did *Mother Margaret* do? that the city should give her a monument?"

"Well, sir, folks say she was the kindest woman that ever lived. She kept a baker-shop, "*Mother Margaret*" did, and she was always kind to the poor, and especially to orphan children, and she left them all her money when she died, and so I suppose that's the reason the rich people built her this monument."—*The Knight.*

---

WHERE days of youth are wisely spent,  
And days of strength and prime,  
We have no reason to repent  
Of ours as misspent time;  
No "evil days" can enter here,  
Repentant for the past,  
But joy and pleasure ever near  
And triumph to the last. M. W.

## SOWING.

"Blessed are they that sow beside all waters."—Isaiah xxxii., 20.

MT. LEBANON, N. Y.

1. The sun fails not, nor the dews and showers, The sea-sons in their  
 2. In faith we plant, waiting long in prayer, Still trusting that the  
 3. Who toils in love, with an earn-est heart, His la-bors in the

or - der come and go; So we look in faith to the high-er pow'rs For a har-  
 pre-cious seed will live, And blessed fruit-age in due time bear, God sure-  
 Lord are not in vain; The good we here in truth im - part. To the spir-

vest from the seed we sow. }  
 ly will the in-crease give. } Let us sow, let us sow, With a free  
 it will re-turn a - gain. } Let us sow, let us sow,

and lib'ral hand; Let us sow, let us sow, O - ver the sea and the land.  
 Let us sow,

## Books and Papers.

THE JOURNAL OF HYGEO-THERAPY. Apr. Contents. Open Winters; Bowel Enemas; Sewage; Water; What is Heredity; A Fashionable Disease; Truisms Anti-Vaccination Department; Horticultural Corner; A Wayside Blossom; Be Clean; Pure Water; etc., etc. Dr. T. V. Gifford & Co. Kokomo, Ind.

THE PHILADELPHIA MUSICAL JOURNAL. Apr. Contents. The Mining Camp Piano; Mechanical Singing; Local Musical News; Memoirs of a Singer; Concerts and Entertainments; Musical News; Philadelphia Musical Trade; Washington Letter; M. T. N. A. Secretary's Dilemma, and some sixteen pages of music. Gould and Woolley, 1416 Chestnut St., Phil. Pa. \$1 per year.

HALL'S JOURNAL OF HEALTH. May. Contents. Health and Hell; How Women Rest; Cinnamon; Water in Relation to Obesity; Uses of Cotton Seed; What is Heredity; Valuable Remedies in Diphtheria; Execution by Electricity; Origin of Strong Liquors; Lard, its adulteration, etc; The Consumption of Opium in China; Christian Science Outdone; Sleep; The true Relation of Filth and Diphtheria; A Safe Cordial; Fruit as Food,—etc., etc. Office 206 Broadway, N. Y.

### A PRAYER.

EMILY B. LORD.

MAKER of earth and sea and sky,  
Creation's sovereign, Lord and King,  
Who hung the starry worlds on high,  
And formed alike the sparrow's wing:  
Bless the dumb creatures of thy care,  
And listen to their voiceless prayer.

For us they toil, for us they die,  
These humble creatures thou hast made:  
How shall we dare their rights deny,  
On whom thy seal of love is laid?  
Teach Thou our hearts to hear their plea,  
As Thou dost man's in prayer to Thee!  
—*Human Educator.*

## KIND WORDS.

THE MANIFESTO, the organ of the Shaker Church, a monthly, full of beautiful and tender Christian Thought. God bless THE MANIFESTO and the good people it represents.—*The Journal of Hygeo-Therapy.*

BIBLICAL scholars should be very liberal in their interpretations of that wonderful book. For reasons best known to the early translators, great latitude was allowed. For instance the Hebrew "Elohim" a plural proper name, in the first chapter of Genesis, is translated "God." Now the English word God, is but another form of the old Scandinavian Odin, from which eminent scholars claim it originated. Again in the second chapter of Genesis, the creating power "Yahveh" is rendered "Lord God;" a strictly correct but concise translation of which into English is "Will." In the religion of the Hebrews, Yahveh represented the external world impersonated as a *wild*, and not the personal God worshiped by the Christian churches of to-day.

The Bible is as yet a sealed book, and will so remain so long as its interpretation is warped to cover some dogma. It undoubtedly contains unfathomed oceans of truth, which can only be sounded by translators of both spiritual and intellectual unfoldment.—*Modern Thought.*

THERE is great danger of losing money by not keeping an accurate book account, as we may not live to settle our own accounts. A solemn truth, which should remind every man of the importance of settling his accounts often, and not as the manner of thousands is, to procrastinate from time to time, until at last posterity is taxed with the unwelcome task of adjusting affairs which no one can explain, and which they themselves cannot understand.—*Preston's Manual.*

## Deaths.

Peter Boyd at Union Village, Ohio, April 28, 1889. Age 82 yrs, and 8 mo.

aker  
ten-  
The  
pre-  
y.

peral  
erful  
early  
For  
orop-  
s, in  
word  
ndin-  
olars  
cond  
Yah-  
cor-  
into  
of the  
ernal  
t the  
istian

d will  
on is  
doubt-  
truth,  
ers of  
nt. —

ey by  
as we  
s. A  
every  
is ac-  
thous-  
time,  
he un-  
ich no  
selves  
.

April



T  
ave  
ey  
hav  
arr  
han  
dep  
val  
the  
of  
Cl  
as  
the  
of  
Mus  
the  
imp  
and  
are  
digi  
"Yo  
"Jo  
"E  
by A  
shed  
hat  
mon  
by 4  
time  
ma  
Folic  
chirt  
luna  
cube  
D co  
St,  
T  
over  
Man  
T  
Mox  
Ad

# THE MANIFESTO.

## HEAD-QUARTERS AND GENERAL AGENCY OF THE EAST, FOR THE SMALLEY CUTTERS

which are unequalled for either Postage or Dry-fodder. All sizes from the hand-machine up to the largest, strongest and most powerful Cutter ever built in any country. Possess all the latest improvements, including Patent Safety Fly-wheel. Feedings-cutters are among the specialties of the old and reliable Empire Agricultural Works, over 30 years under the same management.

MINARD HARNED, Proprietor, Cincinnati, N. Y.

THE PHILADELPHIA MUSICAL JOURNAL is now published by Messrs. Gould and Woolley, 1416 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, they having purchased it from its former proprietors April 1st, and the May issue, now at hand, shows a marked improvement in all departments over previous issues of this well-known and popular publication. The literary portion includes a portrait and interesting sketch of Von Bülow; an Educational Department, edited by Dr. Hugh A. Clarke, of the University of Pennsylvania, in addition to the editorial force of the paper that will add much to its value from an educational standpoint; Musical news, reports, concertos, a charming story entitled "A Musical Interlude," articles on the Banjo, M. T. N. A.; Band News; Musical Blunders; Sketches and Anecdotes interesting and valuable to all. The musical numbers are "Gavotte Antique" by F. W. E. Di-derich; "Breath of Spring Polka," the famous "Yorke Dance," a charming vocal number. "Joy of Spring," by Adam Gelbat, and the "Eight O'clock Club Polka," for the Lany, by Armstrong. This music, if purchased in sheet form, would cost fully \$2.00, and is at a fair specimen of that gives every month. In addition to all this valuable variety of music and musical literature twelve times a year, every subscriber receives a musical premium, "The Musical Journal Folio," sixty-four pages, containing over thirty choice vocal and instrumental compositions, alone worth many times the price of subscription—only \$1.00. Specimen copy gratis. Gould & Woolley, 1416 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

THE Vacuum Tipper Arrow Gun please everybody. The Elastic Tip Co. Sole Manufacturers, Boston, Mass.

THE LIFE AND GOSPEL EXPERIENCE OF MOTHER ANN LEE. Price 10 cts. Address, H. C. BLISS, Shaker Village, N. H.

## VICK'S ILLUSTRATED FLORAL GUIDE FOR 1889.

Complete list of Vegetables, Flowers, Bulbs and Small Fruits, with description and price.

NEW SHAPE, NEW TYPE, COMPLETELY REVISED AND IMPROVED.

Contains more varieties than any other catalogue printed. Three Elegant Colored Plates, 10x14 inches, and a frontispiece.

THE PIONEER SEED CATALOGUE OF AMERICA.

Every person who owns a foot of land or cultivates a plant should have a copy. Price of

VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE,

Containing a certificate good for 25 cents worth of Seeds, only 15 cents.

JAMES VICK SPEDMAN, Rochester, N. Y.

## THE ALTRUIST

Is a monthly paper, partly in Phonetic spelling, and devoted to common property, united labor, Community homes, and equal rights to all. It is published by the Mutual Aid Community, whose members all live and work together, and hold all their property in common, all the men and women having equal rights in electing officers and deciding all business affairs by their majority vote. 50 cents a year; specimen copy free. Address: A. LONGLEY, Editor, 213 N. 8th St., St. Louis, Mo.



This Threshing-machine received the highest award of any at the Centennial Exhibition; the lowest Gold Medal given by the New York State Agricultural Society; and has been selected from all others, and illustrated and described in that great work "Fowler's Cyclopedia of Agriculture." Catalogue and price. Address, MINARD HARNED, Cincinnati, N. Y. Also straw-henning, Hay-balers, Clover-balers, Fodder-cutters, Feed-mills, Fanning-mills and Saw-machines; all of the best in America.

The Fearless Horse-powers are the most economical and best Powers built for the running of Rail-roads, and Coal-mines, and for general farm and plantation work.

# ROYAL



# BAKING POWDER

**Absolutely Pure.**

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cases.* ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 100 Wall-st., N. Y.

JUST PUBLISHED.

## Every-Day Biography.

Containing a collection of nearly 1400 brief Biographies, arranged for Every Day in the Year, as a Reference for the Teacher, Student, Chautauques, and Home Circles. By Amelia J. Calver. A large handsome vol., nearly 400 pages, handsomely bound; price, \$1.50.

"Every-Day Biography," is an outgrowth of the increasing popularity of observing the birthdays of noted people.

Nearly 1500 names are here found, representing sovereigns, rulers, statesmen, founders of colleges, institutions, etc., besides pioneers in every art, science, and profession.

To Chautauques it will prove invaluable, since every week will bring some name to mind prominent in that universal study.

This work will be found a valuable addition to any library or collection of books. Agents wanted to introduce this, and take orders for it. Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price, \$1.50. Address, FOWLER & WELL'S CO., 775 BROADWAY, New York.

SHAKER ANTHEMS AND HYMNS arranged for Divine Worship. Price 10 cts.

**MAGAZINES**

THE LITTLE PANSY \$1.00 a year  
OUR LITTLE \$1.00 a year  
BABYLAND \$1.00 a year  
THE LITTLE PANSY \$1.00 a year

SAMPLE COPIES—  
\$1.00 a year—\$1.00 a year

D. CLOTHROP COMPANY  
PUBLISHERS—BOSTON

**MAGAZINES**

Send us above for Illustrated Book Catalogue Free

ESTABLISHED 1863.

## NEW AMERICAN FILE COMPANY,

PAWTUCKET, R. I.

PATENT PROCESS FILES AND  
RASPS.

CAPACITY, 1,200 DOZEN PER DAY.

Knowlton's Bathing Apparatus.

**UNIVERSAL BATH**

Patented in U.S. and Foreign Countries

Vapor and Water—  
fresh, salt, Mineral

Commended Award,  
Medal and Diploma,  
against the world.  
Wholesale & Retail.

Send for Circulars. E. J. KNOWLTON, San Arbor, Mich.

BEST BATH EVER KNOWN

For Families; Physicians; Army Men

Students, Miners, Invalids,

EVERYBODY.

AGENTS WANTED. (Only \$2.75.)

## EARTH, SEA, AND SKY.

or Marvels of the Universe: a graphic description of the wonderful things in Nature; thrilling adventures on Land and Sea—renowned discoveries of great explorers. Published in English and German. 300 pages, 300 illustrations. A GREAT BOOK TO BE. Illustrated circulars and extra terms to agents FREE. FOWLER & McMANIS, Cincinnati, O.